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## JOHN JACOB ASTOR.



THE following account of this wonderful man, is condensed from that popular work, Beach's Book of Wealth :

John Jacob Astor is classed, by those who know him best, not only among the richest, but also among the truly great men of the world. The talent which, in another age, and in another state of society, was exercised in the art of war, is now, to a great extent, engaged in the peaceful occupations of the counting room. War has been a great field for the development of great talents. But commerce affords scope for a greater variety of talent, and is a field on which the most gigantic genius, and the most soaring ambition may expend themselves in unlimited conquests. In this department of human action, Astor has displayed a great mind. Landing on our shores as a common steerage passenger—a poor, uneducated boy—a stranger to the language and the people—he has, by the sole aid of his own industry, accumulated a fortune scarcely second to that of any individual

on the globe, and has executed projects that have become identified with the history of his country, and which will perpetuate his name to the latest age.

He was born in July, 1763, in the village of Wadorf, near Heidelberg, in the duchy of Baden, Germany. His father was a very worthy man, and held the office of bailiff. At the age of eighteen, young Astor, on the eve of leaving his home for a foreign land, resolved to be honest and industrious, and never to gamble. In March, 1784, he landed in this country, a steerage passenger, having sailed from London in November, and been detained by the ice three months. The ship in which he had taken passage was commanded by Captain Stout, father to the present president of the Eagle Insurance company. On one occasion young Astor ventured beyond the limits assigned to the steerage passengers, and appeared on the quarter-deck. Capt. Stout, observing it, came up, and in a very peremptory manner, asked him how he

dared to intrude there ! ordering him instantly to retire ! This poor steerage passenger is now the richest individual in the western hemisphere, and can look down upon those who then held him in so much contempt. On his voyage he became acquainted with a fellow countryman of his, a furrier who induced Mr. Astor to learn this art. The main portion of Mr. Astor's property at this time consisted of seven flutes from his brother's manufactory, at London, which, with a few other articles of merchandize, he sold, and invested the small proceeds in furs, and commenced learning the fur-trade. He was soon after engaged as clerk in the fur establishment of Robert Bowne, a good old Quaker, who prized Mr. Astor very much, for his untiring industry and fidelity. Subsequently, by the aid of his brother Harry, he engaged in business for himself, associated with the late Cornelius Heyer. Afterwards he became associated with Mr. Smith, the father of Gerrit Smith. At the close of the revolutionary war, Oswego, Niagara, Detroit, and other posts, being in possession of a foreign power, a serious embarrassment was thrown in the way of the fur trade. Soon after Mr. Astor entered into the business, in 1794-5, by a treaty these posts were surrendered, when, contemplating the grand opportunity then offered to him, he said : " Now, I will make my fortune in the fur trade." His prediction was verified. Astor, with an industry and sagacity unparalleled, improved his opportunity, and after the lapse of six years, during the first year of the present century, he had amassed something like \$250,000.—By the natural course of accumulation, this sum, at the present time, would have amounted to \$6,000,000—but, in Mr. Astor's hands, it has increased to more than four times that amount.—Nine years later, at the age of forty-five, Mr. Astor founded the American Fur company, for the purpose of competing with the powerful British associations, which were in a fair way to monopolize the traffic in furs throughout the northern and southwestern portions of our continent.

From the time of the establishment of the American Fur company, Mr. Astor became largely engaged in commerce. His ships, freighted with furs for France, England, Germany and Russia—and with peltries, ginseng, and dollars, for China, now plowed every sea, to receive these products of the New World, and exchange them for the valuable commodities of the Old.

Mr. Astor has vast tracts of land in Missouri, Wisconsin, Iowa, and other parts of the west, the

prospective value of which is very great. The greater portion of his property, however, is in real estate and mortgages in the city of New-York.— Could Mr. Astor's property be kept unbroken and under its present management, it would become the largest individual estate ever known on the globe. The estimates of the value of his property are various—those knowing his affairs best, placing it at \$30,000,000—and some as high even as \$50,000,000. His income, on a moderate estimate must be \$2,000,000 a year, or \$166,000 a month, which is about \$41,500 a week; \$5,760 a day; \$240 an hour, and \$4 a minute. Mr. Astor has made a donation of \$350,000 for a library in the city of New-York, the interest of which is to be expended in employing agents to purchase books, and in the erection of a building. Mr. Cogswell, late editor of the New-York Review, is the agent and librarian.

Mr. Astor has two sons; one of his daughters became the Countess of Rumpff, and lately deceased, at Paris; another (deceased) was married to Mr. Bristed, an Englishman, author of a work on the Resources of America, and now a clergyman of Bristol, Rhode Island.

## TALES.

From the Model American Courier.

### NATURE AND ART.

BY LIZZA CLARENDON.

Mrs. RICHMOND was the widow of a talented lawyer, who had gleaned from his profession, annually, sufficient to maintain her in the style to which she had been accustomed as the daughter of a retired merchant, but whose death left her without a resource, save the income of a moderate legacy left her by a maiden aunt. She was proud and ambitious, thirsting for worldly honors, and worshipping the little golden image which men, like the children of Israel, have set up in the place of the living God. It stung her to the soul to see the *parvenus*—the mushroom aristocracy—around her rolling in splendor, while she, the sole survivor of an ancient and honorable family (for her great grandfather was the younger son of an English Baronet) was cast aside like a withered, worthless leaf. She dwelt on the thought until it embittered every enjoyment, and turned life's sweets into gall. At every new display of magnificence on the part of her neighbors, she would grind her teeth in impotent rage, and inwardly vow to be amply revenged when opportunity afforded, on these purse-proud lords.

As her daughters—for she had two—grew up, and she observed the exceeding beauty of the elder she found a new object for ambition; and, with the charms and accomplishments of this fair girl, determined to build up the ruined fortunes of her family. Accordingly, no art was left untried to render her irresistible, money was showered out as lavishly as possible until her education was completed, and she burst upon the astonished vision of the velvety flutterers of *le beau monde*, resplendent in beauty, perfect in manner, and dazzling in intellect;—so said her mother, and “the world” echoed her words. On the very day that she attained her eighteenth year she came forth from the quiet and seclusion of a fashionable boarding-house and in a moment the fixed stars and the whirling

planets “paled their ineffectual fires” as in the presence of the queenly moon, and she rose at once to the zenith of popularity and fame. The mother was enraptured, and already in anticipation had triumphed over every rival, and placed her daughter besides her on the very pinnacle of Fashion's Temple. Wilfully blind, she did not perceive that the superciliousness of Virginia's manner was chilling the warm tide of admiration that had wafted her on so swimmingly at first, but now seemed threatening to enclose her in an icy crust—secure, immovable. While lovers were sighing around her, and she sat on the throne of beauty and grace, her fond mother was enraptured.

“It is true, her first season was drawing to a close, and not one of her admirers had made an offer of marriage to the belle, but a summer at the Springs—she should go there, and they would follow her—would work wonders, and a brilliant match would certainly follow. Then perhaps the mother might find time to think of that wild gipsy Kate!—she would never be able to compete with her sister, but they would give her to one of the rejected suitors who might be dragged into the marriage in a fit of despair.”

Such were Mrs. Richmond's cogitations as she sat one morning twisting a perfumed billet-doux to pieces in her fingers;—the poor little billet-doux over which the unfortunate Mr. Roseman had spent three hours of the preceding day, and in which “he humbly prayed the heavenly Miss Virginia to accompany him in his new phaeton a few miles out of town, in order to give her opinion of his country seat, which had been fitted up exactly to her taste;—and to witness the performances of his dappled greys.” Little did he imagine what would be the fate of his elegant and laborious production.

A loud but musical laugh coming in at the open window, interrupted her meditations, and hastily rising she stepped out into the balcony beyond. A large fine garden lay beneath her, filled with early flowers; and on the pedestal of a statue in the centre of one of the gravel walks, with her arm thrown over the marble shoulders of the Flora beside her, stood a young girl of but fourteen or fifteen summers, with her bonnet of cottage-straw hanging by the ribbons to her neck, over which a wilderness of dark, rich curls was floating. Nothing could have been more picturesque than her appearance—more graceful than her attitude.—Resting lightly on the tip of one tiny foot, she held an arm high over her head, while a fluttering, timid dove was trembling and panting beneath the clasp her small fingers. A huge dog of the Newfoundland breed was leaping up, trying in vain to reach his prey, and at every unsuccessful attempt he would shake his head and look wistfully in the face of his beautiful mistress as if reproaching her for her unrestrained merriment.

“Fie, fie, Brave!” she cried at length, after laughing at his antics for a time, “would you be so cruel? would you take the life of the poor innocent dove to gratify your thirst for blood!—Down, sir! or I will send you to your kennel in disgrace a warning to all ruthless invaders of others' rights.”

The animal seemed to understand her words, or to feel the tone of reproof in which they were uttered, for he slunk away, and did not venture near her, until she sprang from her elevated station, and

after caressing the bird for a few moments, approached him. Pressing the feathered trembler to her cheek—a cheek crimsoned with health and exercise—she bent down and with her disengaged hand smoothed the shaggy head of Brave.

“Now, sir, you are restored to favor!” she said, as he joyfully licked her velvet palm—“but take care that you do not offend again; a second misdemeanor may cause you a day's imprisonment.—Go now to the yard, to your kennel, Brave!”

The obedient creature left her side, though with evident reluctance, and, leaping the wall, disappeared. Kate Richmond then hastened to join her mother, who had been silently observing her.

“I hope you are rid of your headache, mamma,” she said, caressing her bird tenderly while she spoke.

“I believe so,” was the grave reply; “but it will return I am afraid, after the boisterous scene I have just witnessed. What can you mean, Kate, by adopting such manners? Do you suppose any man of sense would think of marrying such a hoyden as you are, whose only companions are dogs and birds?”

“I have never thought of it at all,” replied the young girl, with a blush that mantled over brow and neck, giving a deeper glow to her rich, Castilian complexion, “a man of sense would not dream at all of such a child as I am. But you wrong me, mamma; I do not adopt these manners—they are such as nature gave me, untaught by art, unschooled by conventional rules. Surely they must be innocent, if my Creator bestowed them on me, just as He did the rough coat on Brave, or the soft plumage on my little dove here.”

“Do you presume to argue with me, child?” cried the mother angrily; “go from my presence instantly, and do not dare to enter it until I bid you!”

“I was wrong, mother—I know it!” Kate exclaimed, while tears moistened her flashing, starry eyes; “I should not have replied to you—forgive me, and I will not offend again. But I was vexed and wounded, for Virginia lectured me this morning on the same subject!”

“And did you answer her in the same style?” questioned Mrs. Richmond, withdrawing the hand her daughter had taken; I will not allow that—you must treat her with deference and respect, for you will never be her equal.”

Kate did not reply, but, turning quickly away, left the room. As she closed the door, she muttered half aloud—

“I should know that, for I hear it every half hour of the day. Still, I do not believe it.”

She descended to the yard, and spent the next hour in making a wire cage for her dove, whose broken wing she bound up tenderly, loading it with caresses, and lavishing all the pet names in her vocabulary on it all the while. The noise of wheels caught her ear just as she took her seat on a garden chair, with Brave on one side, a tame deer on the other a parrot on her delicate wrist, and her dove pressed to her bosom. She rose hastily, and with an imperative “Stay, Brave—stay, Phoenix!” sprang lightly on the low wall, and, shielded from view by the clustering vines that drooped from an arbor near by, watched the persons descending from the elegant vehicle that stood at the door. A gentleman—an exquisite—an ultra-dandy in character and appearance—leaped out, and carefully



assisted a lady of rare and dazzling beauty, who had been seated beside him, in her descent. He then threw the reins to his footman, and, offering his arm to his companion, entered the house.

"So, Mr. Roseman stays to dinner!" said Kate, "I am glad of it, for I will not be missed, and I long to steal over to the old mansion, and listen to the miraculous stories of dear Mrs. Hartly. Come good Brave,"—and with a parting embrace to Phoenix, who looked wistfully into her face, and a playful kiss to her birds, she turned away.

"Kate—Kate!" cried a loud, shrill voice, as she opened the garden gate, "come back—take me! I will go—I will go!"

"No, Poll, not now; wait until I return," she answered, laughingly, waving her handkerchief to the parrot that was fluttering violently in the cage where she had placed it; then calling the dog, who was jumping and running in great glee at being permitted to accompany her, she disappeared down one of the shady walks of the grove.

Mrs. Richmond's residence was in the suburbs of the town, and her gardens opened in the rear on a fine wood, one of the favorite resorts of Kate, who would spend hours in its cool retreats, with no companions but her dog, a book, and sometimes a port-folio, filled with well-executed drawings, or laughable sketches. She was excellent at caricature, with a quick perception of the ridiculous—but her pencil-marks were usually erased, or the paper thrown aside before a single eye had beheld them. On this day, strange as it was, she walked soberly along, only pausing twice to watch a gold and purple butterfly, that flitted near her, and to pluck some beautiful wild flowers from a mossy bank. Of the latter, she twined a fanciful wreath for her straw chapeau, and arranged a tasteful bouquet for her bosom. Before twenty minutes had elapsed, she emerged from the wood, and approached a stately stone mansion, that towered up from amid a miniature grove of rare trees, and was enclosed on three sides by elegant gardens.

This house had once belonged to an ex-Governor of the State, but on his death, several months before, was sold to a West Indian gentleman of large fortune, who, desirous of ending his days in this town, took it with all its furniture, even retaining the old domestics, many of whom had spent more than half their lives at the place. An extensive library of valuable books had first attracted Kate to Vine Hall, (for thus she had named it) and after obtaining Mrs. Hartly's permission, she became a daily visiter. Her coming and going was but little noticed by the servants, though a gleam of sunshine to a benighted traveller could not have been welcomed more joyously than was her bright face by the old housekeeper. "Sweet Miss Kate" was the idol of the good woman's heart, and for hours she would talk to her of "the olden times" when she was young and glad as the dear little fairy herself, when her locks were glossy and her lip crimson in their hue! Then she would sigh mournfully, and Kate would spring up from the low stool beside her, and, opening the piano, run her fingers lightly over the keys filling the house with such a flood of rich melody, that none but pleasant thoughts and happy memories could remain in the mind.

On this occasion, Brave, her tireless companion, seemed uneasy when they drew near the house,

snuffing the air and scenting the ground impatiently. True to his instinct, he rightly guessed the presence of a stranger, though one of his own species, for at the door of the large hall a beautiful black spaniel met them, but without opposing their farther progress.

"What a splendid animal, Mrs. Hartly!" cried Kate, admiringly, when the good woman appeared then stooping down to caress it, she added—"Where did you get it? I will steal it if you do not guard it well."

"Come into my room—I wish to talk to you, Miss Kate," said the housekeeper, gravely.

"No, no, dear Hartly," she replied, playfully, "I left Thaddeus of Warsaw too wofully beset at my last visit—I must look into his condition this morning. Fifteen minutes will finish the volume, and then I will read Thomas a 'Kempis, if you insist on it."

"But I have something to tell you—"

"Which I will not hear," laughed Kate, as she threw open the door of a parlor near her, "until I have snug your favorite 'Bonny Doon' from beginning to end."

The piano stood open, as if some one had just left it, and a guitar lay on an ottoman near by—music books were scattered about, and a volume of Shakespeare, with a sprig of geranium between the leaves, was on a chair.

"Did I leave the room in this sad plight?" asked Kate Richmond. "I will listen to a lecture on carelessness, dear Hartly, for indeed I deserve it now. But a song, a gay song before you begin;" and seating herself at the instrument, she played a lively air, accompanying the music with her own melodious tones. Suddenly pausing, however, her hands dropped on the still trembling keys, and she exclaimed—

"I know it is wrong to covet, but I do wish this splendid house with its elegant furniture belonged to me;—I would take the beautiful room opening into this one for my music room, and I would have a grand organ and harp; then concerts should be held here, and the whole town be entertained by the monsieurs and signoras whom I would patronise."

"Who are you?" said a tremulous voice behind her, "that are planning improvements on my house, and talking of what you would like to see here?"

Kate started up, and turned to the intruder with a frightened air. But every feeling of alarm and indignation was lost in surprise when she beheld him. His hair and patriarchal beard were white as drifted snow, and his form, originally above the middle height, bent until his chin was scarcely on a level with her head. One foot was cased in a furled slipper, and held up carefully from the floor while a crutch supported him in its place; an embroidered silk morning-gown, confined at the waist with a Turkish girdle, enveloped his person, and a cap of crimson velvet rested on his head. His complexion was dark and clouded; his forehead wrinkled with frowns, (for it did not seem to Kate that age had ploughed one furrow,) and his mouth compressed, as if to conceal all emotion or trace of feeling. But his eyes were the most splendid she had ever seen; so large, brilliant and piercing, that her's dropped beneath them, and she blushed deeply.

"Who are you?" he repeated, in the same

strained voice, after gazing at her changing cheek for a few moments in silence;—"a gipsy queen, or the embodied form of the Indian's dream of beauty?"

"It is Miss Kate Richmond," said Mrs. Hartly, coming to the relief of her favorite; "she begged permission to read sometimes in your library, and I did not know that you would be displeased. It was so pleasant, sir, to me, to hear her sweet voice in this lone, deserted house, and listen to the music of her laugh and song, that I could not deny her request. If you are offended, sir, I hope you will blame no one but me."

"Offended!" he replied, in a softer but still unnatural tone, "if my countenance would lead Miss Richmond to suppose such a thing, she must not believe it; it is a sad deceiver. Her melodious notes brought me from my couch, and I will deplore my intrusion if it silences the charm?"

"He talks like a courtier of Louis Philippe's!" thought Kate. "Well, this is an adventure!"

"I must introduce myself, Miss Richmond," continued the strange old man, "as Mrs. Hartly seems to have forgotten that part of her duty. I am Clarence Glanville, the owner of this coveted mansion, and a second cousin of your honored mother's. My housekeeper will tell you of the loss of my West Indian property, and the possibility that this beautiful place may be taken from me.—It is my earnest desire to retain it, but it may be otherwise ordered; for my debts must be paid, and my creditors satisfied, if it deprives me of my last sou. By right of relationship and superior age," he added, with a smile that displayed a perfect set of fine white teeth, and made his eyes more beautiful than ever, "I insist on your remaining where you are, until you have charmed away the last lingerings of melancholy induced by my mal-propos appearance."

"I will always be happy to oblige Mr. Glanville," replied Kate, who re-assured by the urbanity of his manner, had now recovered the graceful ease and spirited freedom natural to her, "especially where it affords me so much pleasure as it present, in gratitude for his kindness in pardoning my boldness in being here."

An hour passed away, and the young girl was still seated before the instrument, but the sound of its notes had long since died away, for she was listening eagerly to the voice of Mr. Glanville as he talked to her of other scenes and distant lands in a style which she had never heard equalled. She was enraptured with her "ancient cousin," as he playfully called himself; and her thoughts were so intently fixed on him that she did not look at butterflies or flowers on her way back to her home. His manners were the perfection of elegance, polished and easy; his mind seemed to be of the highest order, and his countenance was undoubted by the index of a noble soul.

"If he did not have the gout, if his skin was not so clouded, his hair not so grey, and his form not so very much crooked, he would be magnificent"—was her conclusion as she arrived at the gate of her mother's garden.

When she entered the house, her thoughts recurred to the conversation with Mr. Glanville.—During his remarks, he had made an historical allusion, but she had not understood it, and was too backward to ask an explanation from him. Now Rollin's huge tome was drawn from its hiding-

place, and Virginia's entrance, after the lapse of several hours, scarcely roused her from its perusal.

"What absorbs you, wild Kate?" inquired the young lady, peering over the shoulder of her sister as she spoke. "Rollin's History! Heavens! but you are seized with a sudden desire to improve your scanty stock of knowledge! Reading of wars and cruel murders, while the fascinating pages of Eugene Sue are neglected?"

"This work is deeply interesting," Kate replied; "truth is stranger than fiction, for the tragical tales related here would shame the finest creations of your favorite writer. I do not intend to become acquainted with Monsieur Eugene."

"Not intend to read Eugene Sue!" cried Virginia; "but you make it a point *always* to differ from me in opinion."

"No, indeed, sister," replied Kate, earnestly; "I would wish to agree with you in every particular, but—" she stopped, blushing deeply.

The truth was, Mr. Glanville had expressed his disapprobation of the works of the popular novelist, and she had determined never to become involved in their mysteries; but she had also concluded not to mention the arrival of the owner of Vine Hall to her mother or sister, fearful that they would forbid her visits to his house, which would have been a deprivation not easily borne. Then how could she satisfy Virginia?

"You know I am speaking truth," resumed Miss Richmond, observing her hesitation; "you told me this morning you would never think with me."

"On *one* subject, I said we could not agree," replied Kate, quietly laying aside her book, "but I did not assert uncompromising opposition on all points. I am willing to be convinced, glad to be advised—but I will not be forced into appearing what I am not, in order to deceive others."

"Well, I give you up," cried her sister, sarcastically; "you are a boyden, and such you will remain until time has sobered you into reason. You sprung into existence, a perfect romp, like the butterfly from its chrysalis tomb, on the very day that Mr. Roseman in your hearing expressed his admiration of the character of Di Vernon."

Kate's cheek flushed angrily, and her dark eyes flashed, as she replied, with a curl of the delicate lip.

"Mr. Roseman! the sop! the jewelled, bewiskered dandy! I would not raise my little finger to make him my slave forever. Mr. Roseman! Owl of Minerva, shade me with your wing from such a degrading imputation!"

Virginia was swelling with passion, which prevented a reply to this speech so little flattering to her admirer; but her eyes, usually soft and dreamy now seemed to send forth jets of flame, and her beautiful features were distorted with rage. Kate, provokingly enough, had replaced her book on the shelf, and was preparing to leave the room very quietly. As she reached the door, however, she turned and said, sweetly:—

"I am sorry I offended you, sister; I should not have been so warm, for I know that you did not believe what you said. I hope you will forget it."

She then proceeded down stairs to a back parlor, where an old piano had been placed for her use. Taking up the various songs, waltzes and marches that lay on the music-stool—"I will practice this,"

she thought, as she selected one; "Mr. Glanville admires it."

But before she had gone through the half of it, a servant interrupted her.

"Your mother says, Miss Kate, that you must go to your own room, as Miss Virginia has a headache, and the sound of your piano injures her nerves."

Kate rose with a quivering lip, closed the offending instrument, replaced the stool, and turned to obey this harsh order. As she did so, she observed a smile on the lip of the girl.

"Why do you laugh, Susan?" she asked hastily. The smile sunk into a dimple on the round cheek as Susan answered:—

"At the idea of your music injuring your sister's nerves, though at this moment I hear her voice and guitar."

"My piano is harsh in its tones," said the generous Kate, "and must grate harshly on a delicate ear. At any rate, I dislike such comments," and she left the room, without another word.

"She is too good for her selfish family," muttered Susan, as she watched her slight form ascending the stairs; "I wish to heaven Mr. Roseman would take away the cross Miss Virginia!"

Three days passed away, during which time Kate had visited Mr. Glanville thrice. The mornings were spent with him, and it seemed his chief object to improve her mind and elevate her taste to the purest standard. She was naturally a genius, and her reading had been extensive, but desultory; her perception was quick, her wit ready, and like the sensitive plant, she shrunk from vice or infidelity, however disguised. With a little careful culture he saw what jewels would flash up from the mine, what a wealth of treasure would be displayed, and he longed to employ his own hand in the work.

"What school do you attend?" he asked, one morning, after having questioned her closely for an hour, evidently to his own satisfaction.

"A day school, kept by Madame Laland," she answered, as she gave the finishing touch to a sketch of Vine Hall, begun at his request—"but my teacher is sick now, and I have placed myself under your tutorage. How do you like my effort? If you would let me place the lord of the mansion in this verandah it would be perfect!"

"It is perfect," he exclaimed, "and old Mr. Glanville, with his huge easy chair, would ruin the effect. Wait for three weeks, sweet Kate, and sketch me as I then appear to you."

"Do you think twenty-one days will greatly change your appearance?" she asked, archly.

"No, no, my fairy queen, but I hope by that time to be able to convince you that I am not the uncouth, frightful monster you now believe me.—No protestations! I know that you look on your hideous cousin as one does on a tame bear or a manageable monkey, shocking—"

"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Glanville, you wrong me!" Kate observed, with tears in her shining eyes; "I would hate myself if I could indulge such thoughts after all your kindness—your generosity to me."

"Well, well!" he replied, in the tone one uses to a petted child; "you do not think so, and you must forgive me for asserting it. As a token of reconciliation, you will accept from your old cousin the little Arabian you admire so much. He is gentle as a gazelle, but swift as the wind, and as

my gouty foot precludes the possibility of my using him again, I am willing for no one to own him but you. Will you favor me by accepting him?"

Kate was standing by his side while he spoke, and when he ceased, with a sudden movement peculiar to this child of impulse, she bent down and kissed his forehead. His large eyes danced merrily with an arch, peculiar expression, as she did so, but she did not observe it.

"I do not know how to thank you for this generosity," she exclaimed; "it seems so strange, so unaccountable, that any one should be interested in a creature so wild and thoughtless as I am! Do tell me, dear Mr. Glanville, if I appear to you, as I must seem to others, without thought for aught save my own rude pleasures?"

"No, my good, sweet Kate," he answered in a feeling tone, "I see you as you are, a bright, gifted being, with deep though untried affections—a strong, pure heart—and a mind as free from the trammels of art, or taints of deceit, as the wild wood flowers from the sickly hues of the hot house!"

"I did not ask for a panegyric," said the young girl, with the vermeil blush that always increased her beauty, and lingered long on her soft cheek, as if loathe to quit a home so lovely; "do you forget what Hannah More says about such extravagant language. 'That the precision of truth may be violated through a defect of critical exactness in the three degrees of comparison.' You have made me one of her 'super-excellents,' who to plain persons am a very common character; and yourself 'one of the most hideous frights in the world,' though in reality a very nice gentleman.—But I will leave now, lest I am tempted to follow your example, and pronounce you the dearest, best, most noble being on earth, which in truth you are."

"So you have succeeded in paying your compliment at last!" said Mr. Glanville, laughingly—Kate loved to see him laugh—"but I will not thank you for it, as it was brought out like contraband goods, by stealth. I will send your Arabian after you, and you must ride over with him in the morning!"

Kate thanked him again and again for his kindness, and then left in high glee. She reached her home with a light heart. From a conversation she had overheard a day or two previous between her mother and sister, she had no fear that they would now forbid her intercourse with Mr. Glanville.—Virginia had observed that "the old Indian had lost his island estates, was now no richer than his neighbors."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Richmond, "and as Mr. Roseman heard from his valet that he has taken a great fancy to Kate, we may as well permit the child to visit him. Who knows but he will leave her that fine mansion, and with one of my daughters at Woodbine Villa, (the seat of Mr. Roseman) and the other at Vine Hall, I will be able to hold my head above the highest."

While seated at dinner a short time after her return, a note was brought in to Mrs. Richmond. She read it aloud to her daughters after perusing it herself; its contents were as follows:

"Mr. C. Glanville, of Vine Hall, presents his compliments to Mrs. Richmond, and begs that she will permit her daughter Kate's acceptance of the little Arabian he sends. It will afford him much gratification, for the gift is a testimony of the es-



teem and affection he bears the young lady who has so cheerfully given him many hours of her time.—He regrets that his situation prevents his visiting at present, but he assures Mrs. Richmond of the high respect he bears her whole family, for the sake of her fair representative. The young Clarence Glanville, on his appearance at Vine Hall, will do himself the honor to wait on the ladies and thank them for their attentions to the invalid."

"Well, I protest this is a singular missive!" exclaimed the mother, handing it to Virginia for inspection; "what a fine legible hand he writes! Really this man is an enigma."

"Who can he mean by 'the young Clarence,' mamma?" enquired the beauty, wondering, "is it possible he has a son? You acted wisely, Kate Richmond, in concealing the circumstance from us until you were firmly in possession of the father's heart."

"I was as ignorant of it as you were, sister," replied Kate, whose face showed as much surprise as the others, "and I am yet at a loss how to understand it. If he has a son, he has never hinted his existence to me."

"It may be a nephew, then, or cousin," pursued Virginia; "mamma, he is related to you; do you know nothing of him?"

"I have always thought him a bachelor," answered Mrs. Richmond; "indeed I am certain of it; and I think I heard long ago of an orphan boy, a sister's son, who had been adopted by him. This must be the youth—his heir doubtless. We will answer the note, and request to know particularly the time of his arrival, as I would like to present a stranger at my fancy ball. By the bye, Kate, I wish you to appear as Diana on that evening; it will add much to the effect of the scene; Virginia is to be *Titania*."

A fancy ball! It was the very thing for Kate; she had never appeared in public, and to do so at a fancy ball, where all were free to do and say what they liked, was delightful! Her thoughts were all in pleasant confusion; but amid their bewildering whirl, one idea was fixed—"Does 'the young Clarence' resemble his extraordinary uncle? Will he think at all of me?"

Concluded in our next.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

It is more than forty years since this veteran author made his first appearance before the public, and at nearly seventy he continues to write with the vivacity, good sense, and strong love of country for which his earliest works were distinguished.

Mr. Paulding is of Dutch extraction, and was born on the twenty-second of August, 1779, in the town of Pawling, on the Hudson, so named from one of his ancestors. After receiving a liberal education he settled in New-York, where except during short intervals he has since resided. Connected with some of the first families of the city, with an income sufficient for his wants, and a love of quiet which forbade his seeking distinction as a lawyer or politician, he would probably have been content with the simple pursuit of ease, had not the follies of the town, and subsequently a conviction of injustice to the country, called into action his powers as a satirist.

The first series of *Salmagundi*, published in 1807 was the production of Mr. Paulding and Mr. Washington Irving, except the verses and three or four of the concluding essays, which were by Mr. William Irving, a brother-in-law of the former and brother of the latter, who was afterward well known as a representative of the city of New-York in Congress. This work had a great deal of freshness; its humour, though unequal, was nearly always gay, and as its satire was general, everybody was pleased. Its success surprised the authors, and was perhaps the determining cause of their subsequent devotion to literature. The publisher found it very profitable, as he paid nothing for the copy; and upon his refusal to make any remuneration for it, the work was suddenly and unexpectedly brought to a close.

In 1813 Mr. Paulding published *The Lay of a Scotch Fiddle*, a satirical poem, and in the following year *The United States and England*, in reply to the article on *Inchiquin's Letters in the Quarterly Review*. The *Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*, the most successful of his satires, appeared in 1816. The allegory is well sustained, and the style has a homely simplicity and vigour that remind us of Swift. A part of this year was passed in Virginia, where he wrote his *Letters from the South*, which were published in 1817. The humour in them is not of his happiest vein, and the soundness of the views respecting education, paper money, and some other subjects, may be questioned; but the work contains interesting sketches of scenery, manners, and personal character.

In 1818 Mr. Paulding published *The Backwoodman*, a poem, and in the next year the second series of *Salmagundi*, of which he was the sole author. *Koningsmarke*, or *Old Times in the New World*, a novel founded on incidents in the history of the Swedish settlements on the Delaware, appeared in 1823; *John Bull in America* in 1824; and the *Merry Tales of the Three Wise Men of Gotham* in 1826. The idea that the progress of mankind is more apparent than actual is a favorite one with Mr. Paulding, and modern improvements and discoveries in political economy, and productive labour, law, and philosophy, are in this work ridiculed with considerable ingenuity.

The *Book of St. Nicholas*, a collection of stories purporting to be translated from the Dutch; *The New Pilgrim's Progress*, which contains some of the best specimens of his satire, and *Tales of the Good Woman by a Doubtful Gentleman*, came out in the three following years.

*The Dutchman's Fireside* was published in 1831. Its success was decided and immediate, and it continues to be regarded as the best of Mr. Paulding's novels. It is a domestic story, of the time of the "old French war." The scenes are among the sources of the Hudson, on the borders of Lake Champlain, and in other parts of the province of New-York. The characters are natural, and possess much individuality. From the outset the reader feels as if he had a personal acquaintance with each of them. One of the most cleverly executed is a meddling little old Dutchman, Ariel Vancour, who with the best intentions is continually working mischief: an everyday sort of person, which I do not remember having seen so palpably embodied by any other author. The hero Sybrandt Vancour, is educated in almost total se-

clusion, and finds himself, on the verge of manhood a scholar, ignorant of the World. He is proud, sensitive, and suspicious: unhappy, and a cause of unhappiness to all about him. His transformation is effected by the famous Sir William Johnson, whom he accompanies on a campaign; and in the end, a self-confident and self-complacent gentleman, he marries a woman whom he had loved all the while, but whom his infirmities had previously rendered as wretched as himself. The work is marked throughout with Mr. Paulding's quaint and peculiar humour, and it is a delightful picture of primitive colonial life, varied with glimpses of the mimic court of the governor, where ladies figure in hoops and brocades, and of the camp in the wilderness, and the strategy of Indian warfare.

In the following year Mr. Paulding published *Westward Ho!* The moral of this story is, that we are to disregard the *presentiments* of evil, withstand the approaches of fanaticism, and feel confident that the surest means of inducing a gracious interposition of Providence in our favor is to persevere ourselves in all the kind offices of humanity toward the unfortunate. The characters are original and well-drawn. The Virginia planter who squanders his estates in a prodigal hospitality and with the remnants of a liberal fortune seeks a new home in the untried forests; Zeno and Judith Paddock, a pair of village inquisitors; and Bushfield, an untamed western hunter, are all actual and indigenous beings. Mr. Paulding had already sketched the Kentuckian, with a freer but less skilful hand, in his comedy of *Nimrod Wildfire*.—Whoever wanders in the footsteps of Daniel Boone will still meet with Bushfields, though until he approaches nearer the Rocky Mountains the rough edges of the character may be somewhat softened down; and Dangerfields are not yet strangers in Virginia.

His next work was on slavery in the United States, and this was followed in 1835 by his excellent life of Washington for youth, which is published in Messrs. Harpers' Family Library.

After the close of our second war with Great Britain he resided some time at the seat of government, and was subsequently many years navy agent for the port of New-York. When President Van Buren formed his cabinet, in the spring of 1837, he was selected to be the head of the Navy Department, and he continued in that office until the close of Mr. Van Buren's administration, in 1841.

Upon retiring from public life, being then more than sixty years of age, he resumed his pen, and some of his magazine papers, written since that time, are equal to any of the productions of his most vigorous days. In 1846 he published *The Old Continental*, or *the Price of Liberty*, a novel which he had nearly completed before he entered the cabinet. It has all his peculiarities of manner and spirit.

The various works by Mr. Paulding which I have mentioned make twenty-five volumes, and the stories, essays, and other papers which he has published in the *Tales of Glauber Spa*, and in periodicals, would increase the number to more than thirty.

Mr. Paulding's writings are distinguished for a decided nationality. He has had no respect for authority unsupported by reason, but on all subject has thought and judged for himself. He has de-

fended our government and institutions, and has imbodyed what is peculiar in our manners and opinions. There is hardly a character in his works who would not in any country be instantly recognised as an American.

He is unequalled in a sort of quaint and whimsical humor, but occasionally falls into the common error of thinking there is humour in epithets, and these are sometimes coarse or vulgar. Humor is a quality of feeling and action, and like any sentiment or habit should be treated in a style which indicates a sympathy with it. He who pauses to invent its dress will usually find his invention exhausted before he attempts its body.

He seems generally to have no regular schemes and premeditated catastrophes. He follows the lead of a free fancy and writes down whatever comes into his mind. He creates his characters, and permits circumstances to guide their conduct. Perhaps the effects of this random and discursive spirit are more natural than those of a strict regard to unities. It is a higher achievement to maintain an interest in a character than to fasten the attention to a plot.

### MISCELLANY.



MR. WELLER, SENIOR.

Now Samivel, my boy, drive on,  
We'll see the Governor bye and bye,  
He never would have been so done,  
If he had proved the *Alleyhi*.

### SAMIVEL WELLER AND THE WALENTINES.

"But wot's that, you're a doin' of—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—eh, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam, with a slight embarrassment. "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why it's no use in sayin' it an't," replied Sam. "It's a valentine."

"A what?" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror stricken by the word.

"A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's

wicious propensities, arter all I've said to you up in this very subject; arter actiually sein' and be-on' in the company o' your own mother in-law, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no one could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day, I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it." These reflections were to much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"Wot's the matter now," said Sam.

"Never mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a very agonizin' trial to me at my time o' life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the very old turkey remarked ven the farmer said he was afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial," enquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a deluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it is all very capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge o' these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there."

We cannot distinctly say whether it was the prospect of the pipe, or the consolatory reflection that a fatal disposition to get married ran in the family and couldn't be helped, which calmed Mr. Weller's feelings, and caused his grief to subside. We should be rather disposed to say that the result was attained by combining the two sources of consolation, for he repeated the second in a low tone, very frequently; ringing the bell meanwhile, to order in the first. He then divested himself of his upper coat; and lighting the pipe and placing himself in front of the fire with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat, and recline against the mantel-piece at the same time, turned towards Sam, and, with a countenance greatly mollified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air—

"'Lovely———'"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, Sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before in my time. Go on Sammy."

"'Lovely creature,'" repeated Sam.

"'Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller.—"Poetry's unnat'ral; no man evertalked in poetry 'copt a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin' or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows.

"'Lovely creature, i feel myself a dammed'—"

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't dammed," observed Sam, hold-

ing the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—I feel myself ashamed,"

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—I forget wot this here word is,'" said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot: here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'raps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No it ain't that," said Sam, "circumscribed, that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circum-scribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind; wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel. Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery vell known to be a col-lection o' fabulous animals added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

"'Afore I see you I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,' continued Sam, 'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, ink-red'lous turnip I must ha' been for there ain't nobody like you, though I like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"'So I take the privilage of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'len in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday—to tell you that the first and only time I see you your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colours than ever a likeness was took by the pro-feel macheen (wich p'raps you may have heerd on Mary my dear) altho it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"



"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, lubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point.

"Except of me Mary my dear as your walen-tine and think over what I've said. My dear Mary I will now conclude. That's all," said Sam.

"That rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there was more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same gen-tel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what to sign it."

"Sign it—Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. Never sign a walen-tine with your own name."

"Sign it 'Pickwick,' then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a very good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The very thing," said Sam. "I could end with a werge; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller.—"I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' werges the night afore he was hung for a highway robbery; and he was only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter—

"Your love-sick  
Pickwick."

And having folded it, in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner: "To Mary, Housemaid, at Mr. Nupkins's Mayor's Ipswich, Suffolk;" and put into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post. This important business having been transacted, Mr. Weller the elder proceeded to open that, on which he had summoned his son.



SAM WELLER.

Vant his boots, young 'ooman d'ye say!  
Vell, if people vill blow up, I lets 'em;  
So just ax the genuinn in twenty-two,  
If he'll have 'em now or wait till he gets 'em.

### IRISH WIT REWARDED.

CURIOUS and odd things not unfrequently occur "before the mayor." The other day, in attending to applications for situations in the police-force, the mayor, it was supposed was about to invest Patrick Murphy with a "star," when some of his Irish competitors outside the railing cried out:

"Are ye goin' to 'pint Pat, yer honor? He can't write his name, yer honor."

"I am only receiving applications to-day; in a fortnight we make appointments," said the mayor, and Pat was told to call on that day two weeks.

The friend through whose influence Pat had been induced to apply for office, said to him, as they came away from the hall:

"Now, Pat, go home, and every night do you get a big piece of paper and a good stout pen, and keep writing your name. I'll 'set the copy' for you."

Pat did as directed; and every night for a fortnight was seen running out his tongue and swaying his head over "Patrick Murphy, Patrick Murphy," in the style of chirography generally known as "coarse hand." When the day for the appointment came, Pat found himself "before the mayor," urging his claim.

"Can you write your name?" said that excellent functionary.

"Troth, an' it's meself that jist kin?" answered Pat.

"Take that pen," said the mayor, "and let us see you write. Write your name."

He took the pen as directed, when a sort of exclamatory laugh burst from his surprised competitors who were in attendance.

"How-ly Paul! d'ye mind that, Mike? Pat's a writing! he's got a quill in his fist!"

"So he has, be jabers!" said Mike, "but small good 'twill do him; he can't write wid it, man!"

But Pat *did* write; he had recorded his name in a bold round hand.

"That'll do," said the mayor.

His foiled rivals looked in each other's faces with undisguised astonishment. A lucky thought struck them:

"Ask him to write *somebody else's name*, yer honor," said two of them in a breath.

"That's well thought of," replied the mayor; "Pat, write *my name*!"

Here was a dilemma; but Pat was equal to it.

"Me write yer honor's name!" exclaimed he, with a well dissembled "holy horror;" "ME com-mit a *forger*, and I a goin' on the peliase!—I can't do it, yer honor!"

And he couldn't; but his wit saved him, and he is now a "star of the first magnitude."

### PLEASANT AMUSEMENTS.

"MA, ma, cousin Bill, he's in the parlor, with sister Jane, and he keeps biting her."

"What William biting my Jane!"

"Yes'm—I seed him do it ever so many times; bite her right on the mouth, and the tarmal gal didn't hollar a bit, mother."

"Ah, never mind, Ned, I guess he didn't hurt her much."

"Hurt her, cracky! why she loves it, she does; cos she kept letting him, and didn't say nothin' but jist smacked her lips as if it was good, she did;

I seed it all through the key hole. I'll fire taters at him the next time he comes, see if I don't."

### THE BARBER'S SIGN.

A BARBER in London, has the following on his sign:

What do you think?

I'll shave you for nothing, and give you a drink!

When any of his customers claim the promise on his sign, he tells them they don't read it right; that he intended it should be read thus:

What do you think I'll shave you for nothing.— And give you a drink?

Quite a difference!

"With a callous heart there can be no genius in the imagination or wisdom in the mind; and therefore the prayer with equal truth and sensibility says: 'Incline our hearts unto wisdom.' Resolute thoughts find words for themselves, and make their own vehicle. Impression and expression are relative ideas. He who feels deeply will express strongly. The language of slight sensations is naturally feeble and superficial."

A TOUCH CUSTOMER.—A Canadian bought a patriarch of a rooster that had frightened every other purchaser from the idea of making a jaw-ful feast off him. He said afterwards.—"I took him home—my wife bile him three hours, and den he crow. My wife put him in de pot wid de taters, and he kick 'em all out."

CALIFORNIA GOLD GREASE.—A Yankee down east has invented this specific for the use of gold seekers. The operator is to grease himself well, lay down on the top of a hill, and then roll to the bottom. The gold and "nothing else" will stick to him. Price \$94 per box.

MEN will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; any thing but—live for it.

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

S. S. West Stockbridge, Mass. \$2.00; S. E. B. Crown Point, \$1.00; R. S. H. Tariffville, Ct. \$1.00; C. W. R. Chaumont, N. Y. \$0.50; J. W. S. Schodack Landing, N. Y. \$3.00; J. J. Clintonville, N. Y. \$7.00.

### MARRIAGES.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. G. Collins, Mr. Theophilus Dimmick to Miss Catherine Dibble.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. Ira C. Boice, Mr. Lewis C. Fellows of Claverack, to Miss Maria Smith, of Ghent.

At Stuyvesant Falls, on the 8th inst. by Rev. J. C. Vandervoort, Mr. John H. Moore, of Stockport, to Miss Ann E. Brown, of Stuyvesant.

### DEATHS.

In this city, on the 17th ult. Mary Jane, eldest daughter of Charles Paul, aged 19 years.

In the town of Kinderhook, on the 7th ult. Mr. John Fowler, aged 81 years.

In the town of Kinderhook, on the 8th ult. Mr. Robert Patterson, aged 65 years.

In Brooklyn, on the 11th ult. of Consumption, Mr. Warren G. Macy, aged 28 years.

In Williamsburg, on the 21st ult. Mary McLean formerly of this city, in her 77th year.

At Richmondville, Schenectady co. on the 12th ult. Barent Ten Eyck, aged 57 years. The deceased formerly and for many years, was a resident of this city.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

### THE MARTYR OF THE SOUTH.

"Like a dog he died, like a dog they buried him. It rouses one feeling of abhorrence through the whole South. It took down a thousand rifles above the fireside hearth." *Lippard Legend.*

THEY have hung his form on the triple tree,  
There is death on his pallid brow—  
Let a thousand hearts for Liberty,  
Go nerved from the offering now.  
It has stained every hearth in the mountain land,  
It is felt on the stormy flood—  
The avengers swear with a good right hand,  
A life for each drop of blood!

It fiercely speaks from deserted homes,  
They have gone forth, the brave and true,  
Afar from the battle plain it comes,  
And the strength of the weak renew.  
It hath sharpened the swords in a thousand sheaths,  
The scabbards aside are flung,  
They wave in the air in bloody wreaths,  
When over the foe they hung.

The hunter old, from home has gone,  
The farmer from his plough,  
And the rifles that rang at Lexington,  
Must speak in vengeance now.  
With the broad, deep scars their bosoms wear,  
Is the weakness of age forgot—  
The ruddy cheek, with the hoary hair  
Are gone from the forest cot.

They come, they come where the tyrant's scourge  
Has whetted their taste for blood,  
They march with the sound like the thunder surge—  
They are gone—a living flood!  
They have sworn to cleanse with blood the land  
From the guilt of each coward stain,  
And the war-cry of the avenging band,  
Will be "Remember Hayne."

Oh, many a time did their banner float  
In triumph on the gale,  
And blended with each warlike note  
Was a shout "Strike too for Hale!"  
From martyrs in a glorious cause,  
Where their murdered hearts were laid,  
From kindred hearts went a fearful vow,  
Sealed by a bloody blade.

They bravely fought, those patriot men,  
And the strife was nobly won,  
The whitened bones of a hundred fields  
Will tell where their deeds were done.  
The rank grass waves with a sable tinge  
Above the soldier's bed,  
But their fame is written in fadeless words—  
Those unforgotten dead!

*Bethlehem, Ct. Jan. 22, 1849.*

For the Rural Repository.

### ENGLAND—MY HOME.

BY L. CASSANDRA BROCKSBANK.

AND must I leave sweet England's shore,  
Home, friends, and all I love?  
To cross the raging, swelling waves,  
In foreign lands to rove?

In Winter's reign, fair England's fields,  
Are clothed in living green,  
While peeping from their leafy beds,  
Sweet violets may be seen.

Where from old castles' mouldering walls,  
O'ergrown by moss and trees,

The nightingale's sweet, silvery song,  
Soars on the evening breeze.

The coral-clustered holly bright,  
Enlivens winter's scene;  
The live oak, too, adorns the plain,  
With its ne'er-fading green.

The hawthorn hedge, the parks enclose,  
Where sport the spotted deer;  
Or from the limpid fountains, sip  
The waters cool and clear.

The queenly swans, those graceful birds,  
Upon the waters glide,  
And proudly dip their snowy necks,  
Beneath the rippling tide.

Now, I tempt the treacherous deep,  
The winds my bark propel;  
The billows mock my heaving breast,  
England—my home—farewell.

*Hudson, Feb. 1849.*

From Godley's Lady's Book.

### THE FORSAKEN.

BY D. W. DELISLE.

LIKE the lone dove that mourns her mate,  
Alone she walked the leafy dell,  
And on her ear all desolate,  
Her echoing footsteps wildly fell.

She strove to hide the starting tear,  
The deep-drawn sigh but half suppressed,  
The impulse of a conscious fear,  
And poignant anguish of her breast.

She seldom smiled—but now and then,  
Involuntarily, her eye  
Assumed as wild a glance as when  
Bright lightnings flash along the sky.

The spirit chords which bound her soul,  
In chains of pure enchantment sweet,  
Sent to her heart a death-like toil,  
At which her spirit shrunk to meet.

She sleeps—above her lowly tomb  
The hawthorn weaves a branchy shade,  
Whose tufted bows and vernal bloom,  
Mark where the gifted one is laid.

Her's was the muse's lofty power,  
And oft she struck the trembling wire—  
Her numbers, breathed through life's short hour,  
The genius of the poet's fire.

Her feelings were so finely strung,  
So deep her thought, her heart so kind,  
That every disappointment stung  
A blighting influence o'er her mind.

Thus, while the muses on her smiled,  
And deeper rolled each thrilling tone,  
Without a friend, in yonder wild,  
She died forsaken and alone!

From Godley's Lady's Book.

### ALONE.

BY JAMES H. BROWN.

I WANDER on 'mid men alone,  
And though my brow may bear a smile,  
My heart is like a cold, cold stone,  
That weigheth in my breast the while;  
For when they laid thee down to rest,  
And I knelt by on bended knee,  
The love I bore within my breast  
Was buried in the grave with thee!

I wander on—I wander on  
Amid the gay, the bright, and young;  
But I, alas, am all alone!  
A blighted heart, a laughing tongue.  
My bosom's like the dreary tomb  
Where thou wert laid, so passing fair;  
All, all within is dark with gloom—  
But ah! THOU still remainest there!

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